

**PHYSICIANS.**  
J. A. TAYLOR, M.D., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest."  
Trial bottles of this sure cure for all Lung and Throat Diseases may be had free at F. Harrington's Dispensary. Large size, \$1.00.

**J. H. DYE,**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
Office in Main and Mulberry streets, in room formerly occupied by Dr. Taylor.  
Jan 29, 1884-17

**A. H. WILLIGE,**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
Residence—No 202 South Columbus street, Lancaster, Ohio. Gets Building, North Columbus street, Jan 29, 1884-17

**W. G. WILLIAMS,**  
Homoeopathic Physician  
LOGAN, OHIO.  
Office in the New Building, first floor west of Geo. Hartman's, Main street, Jan 29, 1884-17

**W. W. MONROE,**  
Resident Dentist,  
Operates all work ten cents. Hours from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 6. Residences on South Columbus street. Office on Main street, near the State House, Jan 29, 1884-17

**ATTORNEYS.**  
W. M. PRICE,  
WELDY & PRICE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office, Dillion Block, Market Street, LOGAN, OHIO.  
Feb 21, 1884-17

**BURGESS & HANSEN,**  
Attorneys - at - Law,  
LOGAN, OHIO.  
Office in Dillion Block, near Court House, April 1, 1884-17

**A. I. BROOKE,**  
Attorney - at - Law,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Will give special attention to collections and conveyancing. Also real estate agency. Office in the Gazette office, July 1, 1884-17

**GEORGE W. BREHM,**  
Attorney - at - Law,  
LOGAN, OHIO.  
Office in City Building, July 1, 1884-17

**JOHN F. WHITE,**  
Attorney - at - Law,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office with Morgan in the James block July 1, 1884-17

**BRIGHT & WRIGHT,**  
Attorneys at Law  
LOGAN, OHIO.  
Office in James block over Post Office, Jan 29, 1884-17

**CARL M. BURHANS,**  
Attorney at Law,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
LOGAN, OHIO.  
Office in James block, over Post Office, Jan 29, 1884-17

**TUSSING & DONALDSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
NEW LEXINGTON, OHIO  
Prompt attention given to all legal business. Jan 29, 1884-17

**L. D. VICKERS,**  
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,  
LOGAN, OHIO.  
Office in James block, east end, over Messing, Higgins & Chasley's, Jan 29, 1884-17

**FIRST BANK OF LOGAN**  
LOGAN, OHIO.  
Cash Capital \$50,000

**J. WALKER, President**  
C. E. BOWER, Cashier.  
Do general banking business, receive deposits, discount paper and bills and exchange, bank in center room of the James block, Jan 29, 1884-17

**THE PEOPLES BANK**  
-OF- LOGAN,  
Cash Capital \$50,000.

Individual liability stockholders \$250.00  
L. A. CULVER, President,  
REUBEN CULVER, Cashier.  
Does general banking business. Office in James block, over Post Office, Jan 29, 1884-17

**GROCERIES.**  
B. C. McMANIGAL,  
At Carlisle's Old Stand, Opposite the Court House.

**Staple and Fancy Groceries.**  
Pays the Highest Price for Produce. Oct 25-17

**Walnut Street House,**  
Walnut Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets.

**CINCINNATI, OHIO.**  
First Class in all Appointments.

**Popular Price \$2.00 Per Day.**  
OAKS & LODWICK, Proprietors.  
Jan. 11-17

**PROBATE NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given that the following accounts and vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for settlement:  
A. H. BROWN, assignee of D. B. BROWN and the same will come on for hearing on the 18th day of February, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.  
W. ACKER, Probate Judge.  
January 29, 1884-17

**A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.**

J. A. TAYLOR, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest."  
Trial bottles of this sure cure for all Lung and Throat Diseases may be had free at F. Harrington's Dispensary. Large size, \$1.00.

**IS FUN BETTER THAN PHYSIC?**

Fun is excellent; a hearty laugh is known the whole world over to be a healthy promoter; but fun does not fill the bill when a man needs physic, on the other hand people take too much physic. They would be more healthy, live longer, and enjoy life thoroughly, if they used Dr. Jones' Relief Cough Tonic. This cure all blood disorders, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, removes pimples and is a perfect tonic. Can be taken by the most delicate. Only 50 cents per bottle, of B. C. Reber & Co. (Mch. 22, '83-17)

**CONVINCING.**

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to test the article direct. Miller & Case, the Drug Cart, has a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

**NO EXPERIMENT.**

With a majority of people it is no experiment that Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Pain in the Lung, Shortness in the Chest, etc., but for those who doubt, ask your neighbors, who have used it or get a free sample bottle of Miller & Case's, the Drug Cart. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

**NEARER TO NATURE.**

Nature has made her laws with us, which we must obey or suffer the penalty. This penalty is often lung or throat trouble, which leads on to consumption. Every man believes consumption is incurable. People have been educated to this belief which is proven incorrect by Dr. Bosanko's Positive Cure, which is nature's great helpmate, and it cures consumption and all throat and lung diseases speedily and permanently. Trial bottle free of Reber & Co. Jan 21, 1883.

**WE ALL KNOW.**

That water never runs uphill; that kisses taste better than they look; and are better after dark; that it is better to be bright than dark; that those who take Dr. Jones' Relief Cough Tonic have dyspepsia, constipation, bad breath, pituitary, cough and asthma, poor appetite, loss of spirits, headache or disease of Kidneys and Bladder. Price 50 cents of Reber & Co. Feb 15-17

**TESTIMONY FROM THE PRESS.**

To those afflicted with lung trouble hear what W. D. Wilson of the Ottawa (Ill.) Times says: "After being disabled for three months with a cough, a long trouble, often spitting up blood, can testify that I am cured permanently by the use of Dr. Bosanko's Positive Cure." A free trial bottle can be had at Reber & Co. Druggists.

**Excitement.**

"What causes the great rush at Miller & Case's Drug store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchitis now on the market. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

**A HAPPY FAMILY.**

It was Sunday. Mr. Skinner was tired, and thought he would lie down on the sofa in the back parlor and rest. He lay down and crossed his feet with a parade hardly justifiable under the circumstances—his wife came in and saw him. "Why, Lot Skinner!" she exclaimed, "If I ever heard of the like! Lying down on that new sofa with your boots on, and oh, my goodness, your head on that new lace tidi I had done up only last week. You are the most inconsiderate man I ever saw in my life!"

Mr. Skinner got up and his wife smoothed out the tidy and rearranged it.

"The idea of anybody putting a head on that tidy," said Mrs. Skinner, who had no intention of using slang. "I did suppose you had some sense."

"I used to have," said Mr. Skinner, good naturedly. "Ya-a-h—I could take a nap if I could find a place to drop down. Ya-a-h."

"You had better read your Bible," said Mrs. Skinner. She was a good, uncomfortable woman, so clean and neat and orderly, that she made her family wretched with her domestic drill.

Something called Mrs. Skinner off then and when she came back Mr. Skinner was gone. She sat down and took a book, when a thought struck her, and she bounded from her chair as if she had been struck by a cannon ball.

Yes, it was just as she had feared; her husband had gone up stairs, and she found him stretched out in bed, on the top of a white counterpane, his grizzly gray head sunk deep into a white starched pillow sham with these words embroidered in the centre: "Sleep sweet, beloved!"

He was not asleep, but snoring, with a look of sweet content on his wide open mouth.

"Lo! S-k-i-n-n-e-r!" He got up in a manner that would have done credit to a gymnast, and stood staring at the fearful hollow in the bed and the wrinkled dent in the pillow sham.

"I declare, I forgot," he said, looking very foolish. "Alice, haven't a place where I can lay my head?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said his wife, sharply. "The idea of a sober man going to bed with his boots on!"

"Would you rather I'd got—" "I'd rather you'd get some common sense," said his wife. "If you must sleep in daytime why there's an old lounge down in the kitchen; no one will disturb you there or I suppose—ungraciously—" "I can take off the quilt and the shams, and let you take your nap here," thought it his wicked, that's what it is, to sleep Sunday. It's a bad example to set to the children, Lot, and you know it."

"But I am so sleepy," answered her husband, "my head is as heavy as lead, and I cannot keep my eyes open."

"Laziness, sheer laziness," said his wife sharply.

Mr. Skinner went down stairs and disappeared. The last words his wife heard him say were that there was rest for the weary, but she was picking up the embroidery on the misused sham with a pin and did not heed him.

She was a distinguished woman; distinguished in the town where she lived, as being the cleanest housekeeper in it. No girl could be found neat enough for her; all the mottoes in her house were to the effect that cleanliness was next to godliness. She dusted every article of the furniture in the house several times a day; she scrubbed so often that the children had chronic diphtheria; she scrubbed so clean that at last she scrubbed through the kitchen floor into the cellar, and was nearly lost to the community. It was a perpetual warfare between her and dirt. The front parlor was never opened to the family and though Mr. Skinner had furnished it he had never sat down in it a moment since. Its air was that of a tomb. After it had been opened to company for an afternoon, the children went around with flannels about their throats and drank ginger tea. It was the handsomest parlor in the community, too, and had the family pictures and the marriage certificate framed and hung up there.

When dinner was ready—and it was a good dinner, too, for Mrs. Skinner was a notable cook—she asked the children where their father was.

They did not know.

This seemed strange; she questioned them closely, but they had not seen which way he went when he passed through the room.

"Didn't he say where he was going?" she asked, wondering, for Mr. Skinner never went out Sunday without his family.

"He said he was going where he'd have more peace," said little Harry Skinner.

"Well, we won't wait dinner for him," said his wife, and they sat down to eat.

But a spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and when the dinner was over and cleared away, and they were in the sitting room with their books, there was a sense of dreary loss, and Mrs. Skinner sat with the Bible open on her lap and wondered why he had gone out and remembered that he had looked queer.

**A MONTEAL GHOST STORY.**

An incident of rather peculiar nature occurred in the city on last Halloween, which has given rise to considerable conjecture and surmise. The facts as obtained from one of the participants by a representative of the Gazette, briefly stated, are to the effect that seven young ladies, all of Montreal, at a Halloween gathering ten years ago, agreed to meet again on the same evening ten years after, the stipulation was "dead or alive." The young lady who made use of that expression reminding the other six of the agreement a short time after by sending them each an invitation for October 31, 1883. This lady was evidently the originator of the little reunion, and laughingly promised to be present, even if dead, and it was at all possible for her to do so.

About four years ago this young lady died very suddenly. She is described as having been of a quiet, religious disposition, and very tall.

The remainder of the ten years rolled by and the time for the reunion came. Accordingly, on All Hallows Eve the six met at the house of two of their number who were sisters, for tea; but, according to the original arrangement, a chair was left vacant for the missing one. This chair was draped in black, while in front of it on the table, were some withered flowers gathered from the grave of the deceased. Nothing remarkable occurred during the repast, save that the young lady next to the empty chair spoke of a strange nervous sensation, but this was not thought of at the time. After tea they started to move to the parlor immediately adjoining, the young lady last mentioned leading the way and carrying in her hand the bunch of withered flowers. The parlor was quite dark, saving the light which streamed in from the dining room when she opened the door. At that moment she cried: "Look! look!" and pointed to the parlor, where three or four of them saw distinctly a tall white figure standing at the door from the parlor to the hall.

She who had first seen it retreated quickly, and was just leaving the dining-room by the side door from that room to the hall when she again saw the figure and her cry brought three of the others to the door, and all saw it glide quickly along the hall from the parlor door to the door leading to the street, which seemed to open of itself and close after the figure had passed through.

Only one of the six failed to see the figure at all, she having in both cases been too late, consequently she was very dubious, and believed the apparition to be merely some kind of a practical joke, and at once went and inspected the door of exit, but this was always kept locked and latched from within, and was found to be still secure, so the trick theory was completely out of the question as a solution to the mystery.

Our informant saw the figure twice, and describes it as being "just the right height"—that is, to say, very tall and wholly draped in white; no hands nor feet were to be seen, and the face was concealed; it seemed to glide rather than to walk, and moved quickly; it did not touch the door at all and did not appear to pass thro' it, but the door seemed to open of itself, and close behind the figure. The sensation produced by the figure was as if it were chuckling to itself on having kept the promise to be present, and laughing at the scare produced—at least our young lady informant states such to have been her sensation in so far as she had any, apart from the dominant sense of fear.

Such is the story, and we give it for what it is worth without attempting to offer either explanation or comment.—Montreal Gazette.

He would admonish others should, above all things, be careful of their reputation and sense of shame. They who have cast off blushing are beyond amendment.

Give willingly and cheerfully of your mite. A kind word costs nothing, a little financial aid will not bring a wife, while your bread cast upon the waters may return to you one hundred fold in after years in the grateful acknowledgment of some honored member of society who will say to you, "You have helped to make me what I am."

Will the Ohio Medical College put in its next prospectus: "This is the only medical institution in the world which provides custom made corpses for its classes!"—Cin. News Journal.

**SNOW-BLINDNESS DEATH.**

A woman poorly but neatly dressed in a suit of faded black, and wearing a long crepe veil, which shrouded her face, walked into Central Station last night and told a pitiful story. It could be seen at once from her quick nervous manner and incoherent utterances that she was laboring under great mental suffering of some kind. After a while she became somewhat quiet, and then she related her circumstances. She gave her name as Mrs. Jenny Enders and her residence at No. 214 West Jefferson street. She was married in Cincinnati and married there, her husband being a mechanic. About five months ago he was thrown out of employment there and resolved to come to this city in search of work, leaving her at home. He soon secured employment at the rolling mill and worked till closed, when he obtained a position at the white lead works. This was about three months ago, and he was there a few weeks when he was taken dangerously ill with "painter's colic." He was removed to the City Hospital, where he grew worse, and some one who knew him wrote to his wife. She at once boarded the train and came to this city, bringing with her all the money she could scrape together. Upon her arrival she went straight to the hospital and asked for her husband, being told to her horror that he had been taken to the death-house that morning. She was down where he lay, and with sharp eyes of a wife thought she saw something unnatural in the face for that of a dead man, and exclaimed that life was not extinct. The physicians, who seemed to be in doubt about the matter, made an examination, and to their surprise discovered a faint fluttering of the heart, which betokened life. He was removed back to the ward and strong restoratives applied, which had the effect of bringing him back to consciousness. For a day or two he lingered on the verge of death, then rallied and grew stronger, being able to get out in a couple of weeks.

Bradford County (Pa.) Spectator.

A fatal accident occurred on an oil lease on Rutherford Run, three miles from this city, this afternoon. Jacob Dickey has charge of the lease, and was agitating the well, and was attached to a rope passing through a crown pulley, the rope dropping down the tubing till it reached the sand rock. The rope agitated the well so effectively as to cause a strong flow of gas, which blew out and popped out of the well and up into the derrick. In its descent a point of the rod struck Mr. Dickey square on the top of his head, passing through his head toward the left, came out at the top of the head, passed on down thro' the left shoulder, through the left lung, narrowly escaping the heart, and passed on below the last rib, protruding several inches. The man did not lose consciousness through the blow, and it stood without flinching the operation of pulling the rod from his body. He lived long enough to give directions about his funeral.

Proposed Abandonment of a River Town.

When the rivers are low, the sun shining, and the grass green, Lawrenceburg is a very inviting and rather peaceful city to look upon and to live in. But even then its location suggests the danger of submergence. For it has not only the Ohio but the Mt. Miami to menace it, and when either one is on the rampage, in danger, and when they combine there is no avoidance of a baptism.

The present flood has already destroyed over one hundred and fifty houses in the town, and so racked and unsettled others as to render them unfit for habitation. Indeed, the majority of the houses have been submerged, after two such inundations as they have suffered during the floods of 1883 and 1884, are so damaged that the repairs necessary to make them habitable will cost nearly as much as to build new ones.

In view of these floods, and possible and probable recurrence, the question would suggest itself whether it would not be sound economy to abandon the town and select a higher and wholer site.

A Vision County Romance.

Out of six prisoners received at the penitentiary the past three days, four have been convicted of bigamy. Occasionally a case comes up from a back county, the victim of which is entitled to sympathy if not pardon.

The case of Mrs. Jenny Moore, of Vinton County, who will be discharged by expiration of sentence in a few days, is a case in point. She married at a very early age—she is now only twenty three—a worth-while man who in a few months deserted her and left for the West. She saw nothing of him for five years, and finally read in a newspaper of his whereabouts. So, after this she was wooed and won by a respectable man named Moore. Subsequently her first husband turned up and set on foot the prosecution which resulted in her conviction of bigamy. Moore, knowing the history of her relations with the man, has remained faithful during her incarceration, and is waiting to receive her with open arms upon her release from a prison in which she should never have been incarcerated. She was not long since prostrated by the typhoid fever, and was successfully treated by Dr. Gustus—the Hospital Superintendent. The prisoner people speak in the highest terms of Mrs. Moore, who is a lady in the best sense of that word.

**There was a man in our town,**

and he was wondrous wise, for when he marked his prices down, he then did advertise.

And when he saw his trade increase, with all his might and main, he marked still lower every price, and advertised again.

And when he advertised again, his rivals loudly swore, to see see folks rush with might and main to patronize his store.

And while they sat in solitude and saw him custom win, that man behind the counter stood and raked the shiekies in.

And when he raked the shiekies in and saw his fortune rising, he took a goodly lot of tin and kept on advertising.

Each day a generous sum he'd sink, and demonstrate full plain, the more money pays for printer's ink, the greater is his gain.

Some one wisely says that he who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continual equanimity, and carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear, excess of joy, becomes deadly. They who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

Where to obtain a supply of Presidential timber appears to be one of the most perplexing questions with the Republican party at present. There are aspirants enough, undoubtedly, of eminence and distinction, old-wheel horses who have done battle through thick and thin, shrewd and scheming politicians, who are hopeful against hope, and who are industriously, quietly exerting every possible effort to secure preferment in the convention, but who, when subjected to the searching scrutiny of political analysis, or sized up, so to speak, are found so hopelessly weak in many essential points that their nomination would be equivalent to party suicide. The truth is that the party stands desperately in need of a Messiah; but where is he to be found is the problem that puzzles the gravest sages of the Republican councils.

The proprietor of a bar-room was placed on trial in Washington Territory, under the indictment for keeping a disorderly resort. Seven women were on the jury, and all were firm for conviction; but the five men stood doggedly for acquittal.

Important Decision.

Just a freer, at a recent term of Court in New Lexington, Perry county, Ohio, held that it is not error, in Ohio, for a justice to refuse to charge the jury as to what is the law, because there is no statute requiring it. The law making it the duty to charge the jurors' being applicable only to courts of record.

This decision will be of interest to all justices of the Peace.

Sure Cure for Piles.

The first symptom of Piles is an intense itching at night after getting warm. This unpleasant sensation is immediately relieved by an application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Piles in all its forms, Itch, Salt Rheum, and Kingworm, can be permanently cured by the use of this great remedy. Price 50 cents.

Manufactured by The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Miller & Case.

A Brandist of John J. Crittenden was sentenced on Saturday to three years imprisonment for the deliberate murder of a negro boy. Light as the sentence is, it treated some excitement in Kentucky, where it was not supposed a Crittended could be punished for killing a negro.

The custom in Alabama has been to give each Governor two terms, and on this precedent Gov. O'Neal's friends ask for his re-nomination. But his administration has proved unsatisfactory and a more energetic executive is demanded. Several Democratic candidates are in the field for the nomination.

The largest city of Japan is Osaka, which contains 1,535,695 inhabitants.

**Epicks of the Great Southern Cyclone.**

In Heard county, Ala., logs were whirled into the air and broken before they reached the ground.

At Leeds, Ala., the tornado deposited near the railroad a wood-working machine which no one about there had ever seen before.

Three horses belonging to Dr. Thomas Wright, near Birmingham, Ala., were lifted into the air, and have not been seen or heard from since.

A house near Birmingham, Ala., in which two negroes were lying sick, was picked up by the wind and landed fifty yards away. Neither of the men were injured.

A bale of cotton was blown half mile away from Goshen, Ala. A church was destroyed, and a large portion of it was found on the top of the mountain three-quarters of a mile away.

Near Midway, N. C., Martin Mingo, a colored preacher, was lifted from his bed by the wind and deposited in a valley 500 yds. away, with but slight bruises.

His house was blown to pieces. Clifford A. Locke, of Jasper, Ga., threw himself into a clump of undergrowth to escape the tornado, and was so severely thrashed about and pelted with hailstones that his clothes were torn into ribbons.

Upon a hill in the centre of the village of Goshen, Ala., stood a new and well built school house. Although not a stick of the building could be found after the storm, excepting the flooring, not one of the 28 inmates was fatally injured.

At Rockport, Ind., a party of 12, who had been across the river to attend a wedding, were caught in the tornado. The ferryboat in which they were blown ashore and dashed to pieces, and its passengers were left clinging to the limbs of the trees against which the boat was hurled. None of them were killed.

Maine farmers are selling potatoes at 30 cents a barrel.

General Pate will make his home in Milwaukee, Wis., after next Summer.

Congressman Stewart, of Texas, is the tallest member of the House. He measures a few inches over six feet.

Mrs. Minnie Hawk, while recently in Florida, bought forty little alligators and is now sending them as presents to her friends.

Congressman Hewitt, of Ala., announces his intention to vote against the Morrison Tariff bill. He says that the measure is wholly indefensible on principle, and has not the shadow of chance of passing the House.

The only candidates to be voted for on the State ticket in New York this year are the nominees for two appeal judgships. The Union Herald suggests, therefore, that one Republican State Convention is ample to perform all the work.

Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, was so enraptured with Patti's singing, that he went to her room and kissed her. Patti did not object, and the Governor's excuse was, that he could not help it.

Conkling says the Democrats will elect the next President, and he might also state that they will inaugurate him.

The burglar's pride—if they hadn't they could not have opened the window.

The difference between a patient non-rip overable spittoon and an editorial is said to be in the fact that one will right itself while the other won't.

When a man gets a stitch in his side while at church he is apt to lose the thread of the discourse. Of course; and when he gets him in by a crowd of pretty girls, it seems odd.

"Find why you call me your duckie during? Is it because I floated into your affections so swimmingly?" "Hardly that, my dear! It's because you're the only man I ever saw who rarely advances toward me but you're holding out a bill."

In July and August last year each United States Senator consumed a ton and a half of ice.

Altogether 294,099 lbs. were used up. When the next polar expedition is organized, the crew should be directed from the United States Senate. It would not only save the country a handsome sum of money, but we would soon have an open polar sea.

**A Little Romance.**

The Washington Star has the following account of a romantic marriage: Last evening the most little Episcopal church, South Washington, was filled to overflowing to witness the wedding of Mr. Peter McCullough of the province of Manitoba, and Miss Lizzie A. Gabriel of this city. There is a little romance connected with these parties. The groom, lives, as stated, in the province of Manitoba, where the bride has a married sister living. Through the sister the groom, about four years ago, heard of Miss Gabriel, and a correspondence was commenced, during which, notwithstanding they had never seen each other, their feelings toward each other became more than simply friendly. The hearts of the writers glowed with love. Portraits were exchanged, and minute descriptions were given of each other. The result was that a few months ago they became engaged to be married, on condition that there was no change of feeling or of personal interest. The young lady in the meantime made preparations to take a leave of absence. The groom about the first of month arrived here. Being desirous of seeing the lady, he wrote a note to her, which she failed to receive until Monday of last week, when she promptly sent him directions to find her place of residence on Missouri avenue, and he called that evening. The church of the bride was through the art of the mails, were more firmly riveted at this meeting. The young lady's friends were highly pleased with the gentleman. The result was that the couple concluded that it was useless to wait longer, and preparations were at once made for the wedding, which took place last evening. While the ceremony was being performed, some mischievous boys tied a string of the groom's tie around the neck of the bride, and she drove away, and the horses were badly frightened, and it was with difficulty that they were restrained.

**Where William Black Should Go.**

A few adventurous Englishmen have borne his reputation to the continent, and the fame of Alaska as a wonderfully picturesque region is even better known across the seas than in the American Continent. Lord Dufferin made a trip up the British Columbia and Alaska Coast while Governor-General of Canada, and his descriptions of the scenery, and his scenery are among the most vivid and enthusiastic sketches that he has written of the New World.

When a second expedition shall have arisen to paint the wonders of its high mountains, its dense forests, its clear, emerald waters, its glaciers and fogs and sunsets; to tempt the angler with his tales of the great salmon; to excite the hunter with hints of the deer, the bear, the moose, the caribou, and the wild and to lure the artist and the lover to these shores of eternal beauty, the Scotch Baron will be forgotten, and the placid waters of these picturesque channels and inlets will reflect the shapely hulls of unnumbered yachts. A summer spent in the Aleutian Archipelago will mean more to the fashionable and methodical mind than six seasons of the coast of the North Sea. The Scotch Baron will mean more to the fashionable and methodical mind than six seasons of the coast of the North Sea.

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